



REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER FOR
TRANSMISSION
IN THE
UNITED KINGDOM

The TATLER

Vol. CLXXXIX
No. 2457

and BYSTANDER

London
August 11, 1948

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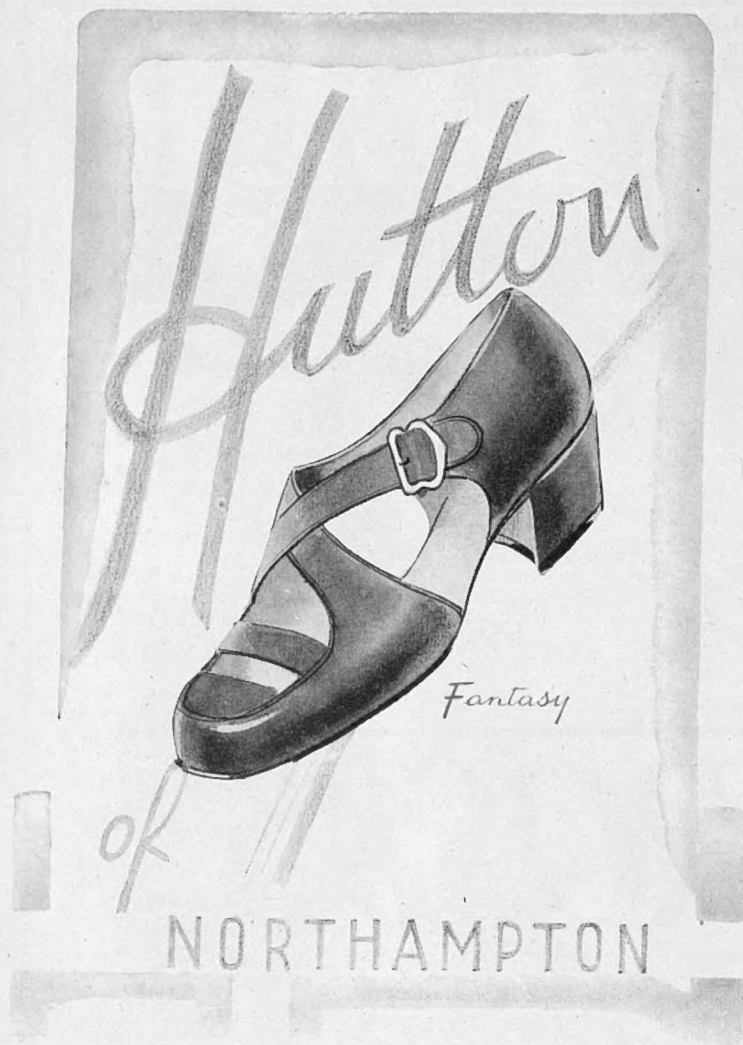
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GIRDLES, CORSELETTES AND BRASSIERES BY W.B.



The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Two Shillings

LONDON

AUGUST 11, 1948

Vol. CLXXXIX. No. 2457

THIS ISSUE

Royal Foxhound Show at Peterborough. This event, midway between the seasons, attracted a very large gathering of hunting people from all over the country, including the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester who live not far from Peterborough. Pictures on pages 168-9.

Goodwood Races. Whatever the weather the rest of the summer, Goodwood always seems specially favoured, and so it was this year. The racing was excellent, with its full measure of surprises, and a magnificent ball, described by Jennifer, who was also at the meeting, was given at nearby Arundel Castle. See pages 170 and 171.

The Earl of Derby Marries. The Royal Family honoured by their presence the wedding of the Earl of Derby to Lady Isabel Milles-Lade at Westminster Abbey. Pictures on pages 172-3.

The Art of the Cast. The exponents and followers of the sport of angling are among the most retired of men and women, but occasionally the pen and the camera do seek them out in their haunts. So it was with the British Fly-Casting Tournament at Wimbledon, some fascinating pictures of which will be found on pages 176-7.

"6th Airborne" Disbanded. This famous Division, which gained such fame in Normandy and Palestine, was recently disbanded, and a party was held to mark the occasion. Page 183.



Compton Collier

A SOMERSET FAMILY. Mr. and Mrs. J. K. La T. Mardon live at Urchenwood Manor, Congresbury, Somerset, with their children Julian, Clive and Susan. Mr. Mardon was awarded the D.S.O. in 1945 when commanding a Territorial regiment in the North-West Europe campaign. Mrs. Mardon, who is a sister of the Hon. Mrs. Hiley Bathurst, wife of Viscount Bledisloe's younger son, is a daughter of Major-General K. M. Body, C.B., C.M.G., O.B.E., who retired in 1942 after a distinguished career including the Directorship of Army Ordnance Services



Torquay Harbour. On the first day of the Olympic yachting events, which end to-morrow. The boats being prepared are Firefly dinghies, the smallest class to compete, and on the opening day France won this class and Great Britain was tenth.

Some Portraits in Print

Being the lucubrations of your most obedient scribe, Mr. Gordon Beckles

A CHANCE acquaintance from Dayton (Ohio) who came to London for the Olympic (and other) games asked me: "What kind of a summer have you boys had over here?" This is one of the questions which require either a conventionally jocular or wittily thoughtful answer, and the summer, at that moment, being hot I could think of no adequate reply.

"A very self-conscious one," was the best I could do.

He had in his hand a copy of the day's Paris edition of the *New York Herald Tribune*. A report of the Olympic Games started in this way: "In battle-scarred London, still carrying mementoes on virtually every street, mews and corner of the terrible ordeal it survived, the Olympic Games, etc., etc., etc."

As this was written on a day when I had thought that London looked, virtually, her best it made disconcerting reading. One had forgotten about one's appearance to visitors.

Equally disconcerting are such phrases—and I quote verbatim from several reports—as "there is a tired, lustreless look about the English," "never have I seen such rosy-cheeked children," "the English, if the truth be told, are a partially starved nation," and "the shop windows are filled with all kinds of food, which is a surprise to most American visitors," all of which have appeared in U.S. journals in the past fortnight or so.

My prize goes to a Paris reporter for his lyric praise of our bread. "What a surprise! What a delicate repast! Bread of a whiteness and texture we have not seen. . . ."

Travel is one surprise after another, and a valuable index of character. "Those who travel heedlessly from place to place, observing only the distance from each other, and attending only to their accommodation at the inn," remarks my Lord Chesterfield, "start out fools, and will certainly return so."

Of such are those who tour through the countryside in closed cars, looking neither to right nor left, nor even to the heavens.

The pleasantest philosophy is that of Robert Louis Stevenson who wrote: "I travel not to go anywhere, but to go; I travel for travel's sake."

LAST week I talked with another American traveller who had flown the Atlantic for the first time. He reported the journey as a remarkably comfortable one, and that he arrived at London Airport in a state of exhilaration. Two days afterwards he had a nervous collapse and had to send for a doctor.

I asked him why he chose flying instead of the more normal method of crossing the Atlantic. He looked surprised and said: "Well, it's so much quicker."

Quicker? I was reminded of one of my favourite fables, that of the Chinese gentleman given a lift in a car by an American who, at the end of the journey, cried: "I've never done that trip so quickly, saved one minute seventeen seconds!" Whereupon the Chinese gentleman asked quietly: "And what will you do with that one minute seventeen seconds?"

Next in speed comes the crossing of the Atlantic on one of the big liners.

Some people have the idea that the principal virtue of these ships is that they are "big." Indeed they are, and so vast that few passengers have time in the crowded five-day passage

to learn much more about the ship than the quickest route to the bar and often the way to the sea itself.

There is the quaint idea that these ships are so big that they do not roll. Perish the thought; even the *Queen Mary* rolled gently while steaming down the Clyde, through green fields, on her first voyage from John Brown's shipyard to the Tail-of-the-Bank at Greenock.

I HAVE had strange reports this summer of the tips demanded—yes, demanded, not offered—by the stewards on some of the big liners now on the Atlantic; of a cabin steward examining a £3 tip and saying reprovingly: "I'm sorry, sir, this is not enough."

The whole tipping system on ships is bad, and no good advertisement for England. In the old days of ten-day crossings, in small ships, the steward performed a service comparable to that of sick-bay attendant and a personal valet. Nowadays, with telephones and running water in every room (and excellent new rates of pay for stewards) the idea that a man should be richly rewarded just for doing his job is fantastic.

The traveller who had flown from New York reported that the pound sterling can now be bought for \$2.40, the official rate being just on \$4. Like much else that is "official" these days, the rates of exchange everywhere seem out of touch with life and needlessly restrictive. A few days ago the black market price for pounds in Paris was over 1,000 francs, as against the official rate of 860 francs, but there was no market for the green-back notes now flooding the country, the Continental dealers regarding them as suspect, and possibly forgeries.

The man from New York also reported the opening of an interesting new English shop there on East 55th Street. This is the enterprise of Batsford's, known here as publishers of illustrated books. They found a Victorian mansion in the very heart of the town—one with a garden behind it—and converted it into a branch of their North Audley Street business. The architect in charge of the conversion was a son of Stanford White, the celebrated architect of the skyscrapers' early days, who was shot by the millionaire play-boy Thaw during a cabaret show forty years or so ago.

It takes a man coming back to London after ten years to note the many things that have disappeared from the London scene.

One visitor from Buenos Aires says that he has missed the evening newspaper contents bills, those now obsolete posters which used to engage in the generous old custom of giving people the news without their having to pay for it.

The man from the Argentine was armed with one of the new Travel Association's guides to the town, and showed me a rather misleading illustration of one of the old newspaper sellers ("*la primera edicion de los periodicos vespertinos hace su aparicion a mediodia*"). The bill that he was carrying was eloquent of those happy, peaceful days before the war.

"Human Finger in Brighton Letter" it announced joyfully.

There is also a picture of one of the City of Westminster street-cleaners ("*un barrendero*") wearing the Boer-style hat which is being abandoned shortly in favour of a commonplace uniform cap.

Alas, there is another casualty emphasized by this guide. A picture of "*una de las floras de Piccadilly Circus*" makes one ask: Where are all the flower-girls of yesteryear? Ever since the visiting American soldiers came to town in the war, the Eros fountain seems to have been regarded as a loungers' paradise. A ring of spikes or barbed wire around the edge of the basin might suggest to all and sundry that Gilbert's masterpiece looks best just by itself.

MAY be mistaken, but I have the idea that woman in her pursuit of happiness, now takes more interest in the game of cricket.

Hitherto, woman—that is, the Englishwoman—has been one with the Scots, Chinese, Americans and French in finding cricket a game quite incomprehensible. An acquaintance of mine who was patronizing one of those palatial bowers of beauty called "*Salon des Coiffures*" in the West End during the height of the last Test, said that it was quite a pretty sight to see the young girl assistants running out for the latest evening papers—for themselves as well as their clients.

Towards the end of the Olympic games there came the news from Paris of the opening of a sport that women really like—the semi-annual onslaught of the dress designers on the very thing that they were lauding to the skies six months earlier. Hardly has woman got herself flared out and out like a ballet dancer than she is now invited to become a slim tubular shape. This is not a sport appreciated by men.

I once had the honour of friendship with a woman who all her life had connected the seasonal decline in London playgoing during the summer months with a newspaper contents bill seen regularly on Saturdays. The bill just said: "Close of Play." She was not a bit abashed when, in advancing years, the facts of the matter were explained to her.

Summer-Happy

Little birds are trilling from the bowers of the hedges;
Dragon-flies are milling round the flowers of the sedges;
The Cominform is getting rather frayed about the edges—
Peace indivisible, peace!

Delicious plums are sunning on the wall and so's a lizard;
Lizards aren't nutritious—not at all—but plums are wizard;
Israelite or Arab tries to slit the other's gizzard—
Peace indivisible, peace!

Gay are pink and peonies, geraniums are gayer;
Flower-land is faëry, my cranium is feyer;
The garden is a riot; there are riots in Malaya—
Peace indivisible, peace—
Ody-ohdo—
Peace indivisible, peace!

Puff-balls sit in solemn rings like bald and ancient scholars,
Courtly in their ruffs—the things are called, I think, corollas;
Days are getting shorter, we are shorter still of dollars—
Peace indivisible, peace!

Gold-fish wallow round about the colonnades of lilies;
Fritillaries and swallow-tails are flouting in their frillies;
Berlin and Bizonia are giving me the willies—
Peace indivisible, peace!

—Justin Richardson



GERTRUDE, COUNTESS OF DUDLEY, recently came up from her home at Chiddingfold, Surrey, to unveil a portrait of herself as Gertie Millar, famous Edwardian musical comedy star, at Drury Lane Theatre. The picture, by Albert Collings, was exhibited at the 1905 Royal Academy. The Countess first appeared in the West End in 1901, in *The Toreador*, and retired from the stage in 1918, marrying the second Earl of Dudley in 1924

Anthony Cookman
with Tom Titt

At the Theatre

"The Glass Menagerie"
(Haymarket)

REMEMBERING Mama has become a national pastime in America. She is an ordinary woman, absurd in some ways but devoted, not always easy to live with but not to be mentioned in after years without a catch in the throat.

It is a theme which, in Bacon's phrase, should come home to the business and bosoms of men everywhere, but for Americans Mama has, perhaps, a special symbolic significance. She is remembered struggling in absurdly humble circumstances to lay the foundations for a successful race, and even her failures are touched now with a sentimental glory.

AMANDA, the mother in Mr. Tennessee Williams's Broadway success, which comes to us in a light, clear and pointed production by Mr. John Gielgud, is an impossible woman. She is redeemed, however, by her nobly pertinacious motherliness. A faded little woman fluttering ineffectually about her shabby St. Louis home, she gently nags her son to the verge of desperation, as long ago she gently put her debonair husband to flight, and she is perpetually worried by the morbid shyness of her daughter. The girl has always had a lame foot and is sadly sure that love and gaiety are not for her. She takes refuge from life in her collection of miniature glass animals.



The Author, Tennessee Williams, who has also written "A Street Car Called Desire"

The simple little story turns on the future of the shy, sad girl. Mama remembers with Edwardian archness the "gentlemen callers" of her youth. She spends a quarter of the play recalling the days when she might have married a planter, or the son of a planter, and happened instead to marry a young daredevil with a fetching smile who deserted her and the children.

The next quarter of the play she spends in urging her son, who craves for adventure and works in a warehouse, to provide his sister with a gentleman caller. In the second half of the play a gentleman caller arrives, is entertained with touchingly absurd grandeur,

breathes a moment of self-confidence into the shy girl's life and explains that he is about to marry another girl. There is no escape from the glass menagerie, except for the son, who follows in the wayward footsteps of his father.

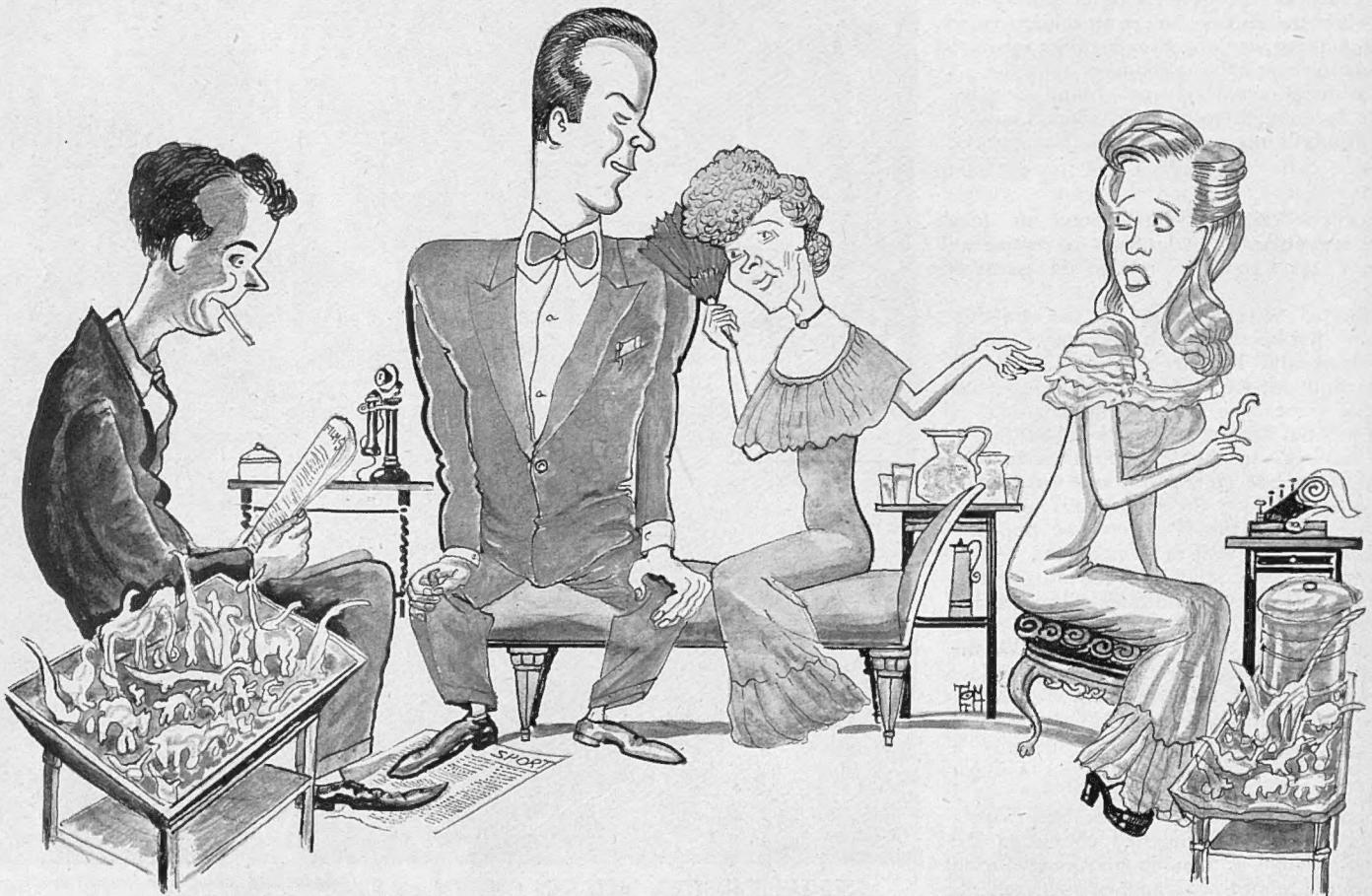
ACCUMULATION of domestic detail becomes at last too much for the young man, and even before this happens it might become too much for us if it were not for Miss Helen Hayes. She does with Amanda what Jane Austen does with Miss Bates—presents a bore who bores every other character without boring us. She scarcely opens her lips but to

elaborate the obvious or to state an absurdity, yet everything she says comes unfailingly under the cross-lights of irony without losing a curious, pathetic quality that belongs to fools who mean well.

Within a comedic range that is comparatively small, Miss Hayes seems incapable of striking a false note. Her gestures are eloquent, yet never too large for the part; her voice, silver clear, is never allowed to deepen into a richness unbecoming a fussing, silly woman; and whether masterful or helpless, day-dreaming or despairing she is always completely expressive.

IT is a beautiful performance which is the making of the evening—surely even for those who find the play itself somewhat slow in its accumulation of gentle pathos. The author employs a narrator, presumably to give his patent Pre-Raphaelite canvas the air of having been painted by an Impressionist, and Mr. Phil Brown admirably combines this rôle with that of Amanda's anchor-straining son.

There is a remarkably good performance by Mr. Hugh McDermott as the gentleman caller—a too-successful High School boy in process of adjusting himself to the hard world with a natural resilience which he is eager to impart to the pretty, crippled girl. Miss Frances Heflin is the girl, an agreeably gentle figure on whom pathos descends almost unsought.



"Meet My Daughter." Mrs. Wingfield (Helen Hayes), introduces her fey offspring Laura (Frances Heflin) to the fine, upstanding Gentleman Caller (Hugh McDermott), a sight to gladden any lonely young girl's heart. Tom Wingfield remains blissfully unconcerned at the potential dynamite he has introduced into the house, but which is fated to fizzle out damply



Photograph by Angus McBean

CORAL BROWNE, seen here as Bathsheba in Alan Melville's *Jonathan*, at the Aldwych, comes from Australia, where she served her dramatic apprenticeship. She made her first appearance in this country in 1934 at the Vaudeville and played a great variety of parts, with increasing success, until she gained widespread recognition in 1941 in *The Man Who Came To Dinner* at the Savoy. Besides her work on the stage, she has also appeared in many films, including *Piccadilly Incident* and *The Courtneys of Curzon Street*

P. Youngman Carter*

[Decorations
by Hoffnung]

At The Pictures

Manners and Morals

It is as though certain films regard the critic with a leer which they make no pretence of concealing. They seem to say, "We are designed for the great-hearted public, and it is useless to attack us, because we are very competently constructed, we are a nice shiny machine-made job, we don't particularly offend against taste and we aren't intended for adults at all. We know you won't praise us, but at least we are not blame-worthy and in any case our producers know within a dollar or two the market we're meant for. We are in fact nothing to do with you at all."

This is the common denominator of all the week's products. Not good, not bad, nicely aimed at the mental adolescents of the world and equipped with an average standard of acting which is very suitable.

The residual memory is of a middle-aged American striding grimly through Hollywood sets representing Mexico, New York or Shanghai according to script. His hat is jammed firmly on to his head, his jaw is set, he's kinda tough, his manners are gauche and he is chasing romance, drug peddlers, profiteers or gullible millionaires, all for our delectation.

ONE aspect of this composite figure is Robert Montgomery as Blackie Gagin, who spends his time in New Mexico trying to blackmail a master crook. This offering is entitled *Ride the Pink Horse* (New Gallery) for no particular reason except perhaps that it contains a dark horse in Art Smith as a detective and a delicious little filly by the name of Wanda Hendrix as a diminutive Indian-type guardian angel. Mystery also surrounded this nice child's reasons for wishing to protect her hero: he was an unworthy character, to put it mildly, and his manners were as shoddy as his morals. Students of the cinema will note the name of Hendrix and trust that she is given a less fatuous rôle for her next appearance. They will appreciate some slick direction from Mr. Montgomery himself and genuinely enjoy a magnificent chunk of bravura acting from Thomas Gomez as the proprietor of a children's roundabout. Did his performance show up the whole job as a very ordinary piece of routine entertainment? Certainly, it did; but this at least was agreeable to watch and removed some of the taste of the blood-and-dust section which now seems obligatory with one or two studios.

DICK POWELL, complete with immobile hat and a certain vulgar truculence which somebody, surely, must consider to be endearing, represents the long arm and purse of U.S. law in

To the Ends of the Earth (London Pavilion), a thriller which masquerades thinly as a near-documentary.

The theme is the pursuit and suppression of drug traffic under international law. Mr. Powell is supposed to move from San Francisco to Shanghai, thence to Cairo, on to Havana and finally to New York, though he seldom in fact gets farther than a motor-boat off California. "The characters and incidents portrayed are fictitious," says the blurb, an announcement with which one is reluctantly obliged to concur. But this is capacious; although marked "Certificate A" the film is good juvenile entertainment, quick moving and full of lath-and-plaster dramatics. A few discreet cuts should make it passable for all children old enough to be thrilled by wicked Orientals and tough, hard-hitting white men.

DANA ANDREWS and Henry Fonda are the male attractions for *Daisy Kenyon* (Leicester Square). Oddly enough it is Miss Joan Crawford, a powerful and well established performer, who lets the side down. As the hypotenuse of the triangle she is supposed to be a successful commercial artist and here both she and Mr. Otto Preminger, who produced, make their initial mistake.

No draughtsman in this world ever set about her work like this. As soon as she picks up a brush we know she is not Daisy Kenyon, the hard-working illustrator of magazine stories who is having trouble with her love affairs, but just Miss Crawford giving us a little phoney Bohemian atmosphere prior to showing off her new dresses by the light of high power emotional fireworks.

Otherwise the initial problem is very ably propounded. Miss Kenyon the artist loves, illicitly, Mr. O'Mara (Dana Andrews) the married and successful lawyer. She is too intelligent to allow this affair to

continue indefinitely and also rather too proud, for O'Mara is a casual lover relying on charm and thoughtless effrontery for his success. On the rebound she marries a more homely type, Peter Lapham (Henry Fonda), a potential drunk just out of the U.S. Army, whose gift is for designing yachts. Thus far the question is convincingly stated in emotional terms. The relationship between the two men particularly is handled with understanding, but thereafter the rot sets in. What should be a powerful battle degenerates into a wrangle which is often difficult to follow, and the final settling of the lady's fate had about as much interest as the spin of a coin possesses for the idle



spectator who watches two strangers arguing which is going to pay for the drinks.

Nightmare Alley (Plaza) gives Tyrone Power considerable scope, though it is not clear why the career of an uncouth fairground charlatan should be selected for this display of his talent. Stan Carlisle (Power) is a pushing young trickster with a travelling fair. He steals the secret of a thought-reading act—the Zanzigs were the great exponents of it over here some thirty years back—and makes a hit in the nightclub business.

Here he meets his feminine counterpart, Lilith (Helen Walker), an exotic young woman who is doing nicely as an unqualified psychiatrist. They go into partnership, she supplying the background information, he pretending to communicate with the wealthy relatives of the dead. The racket ultimately comes unstuck and Mr. Power takes to drink and goes rapidly downhill, assisted by moderate histrionics and some first-class work from the make-up man (Ben Nye). We leave him with the suggestion that the love of a good woman may make a man of him yet.

Not an edifying tale, but it had its moments. Miss Joan Blondell was convincing and charming as an ageing trouper, and the blare and hustle of the fairground was well enough conveyed.

TECHNICOLOR is the leading factor in *The Pirate* (Empire) with Judy Garland a close second and Cole Porter's music a poor third. The Caribbean Islands of the early nineteenth century make an excellent setting for hot weather musical comedy. There is a display of colour and costume worthy of a Brangwyn mural, excellently photographed, and no one exceeds Miss Garland in putting over a song, even if it be a number which one evilly suspects Mr. Porter of keeping unpublished until he was in such demand that he could sell anything. Gene Kelly is less happily served as the mountebank actor who pretends to be that celebrated buccaneer Black Macoco in order to gain the lady's hand. He needs either a haircut or a better wig before any man in the audience will wish him fortune, and bumptiousness is no valid substitute for charm, even in musicals.

Altogether the ladies have the best of it this week: they all look beautiful, they dress expensively and with magnificent taste, they are either true heroines or certified in villainy, and they all get their desire or their deserts according to their behaviour. But the men are a deplorable lot, substituting moronics for manners, and for virtue, virility. If we didn't know Americans so well it would give a very bad impression.

* Deputizing for Freda Bruce Lockhart who is on holiday.

DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY seen listening to a shaggy dog story by his Irish wolfhound, Hound of Heaven (briefly "Hev"), is a Hollywood star who has reversed lease-lend and settled in London to make films. Borrowed from the Canadian Army during the war for that outstanding film, *The Way to the Stars*, he has gained additional celebrity through his broadcast series, "An American in Britain," "A Yank at the Court of King Arthur" and "North-West Passage," and he will be heard in a new serial, "Return from Darkness," in the early autumn. He is making a new film for George King entitled *A Lady Was to Die*, in which he plays the part of a young Canadian research chemist, who joins the British Army, and descends to the depths after making an unfortunate wartime marriage



Photograph by Desmond Laing, London

George Bilainkin.

TRAVELLING IN EUROPE



His Excellency Cardinal Mindszenty, Primate of Hungary

ESZTERGOM.—

FEW names in Central Europe simultaneously arouse so much affection and reverence among millions of the faithful, and intense dislike and criticism among the followers of Marxism, as that of the Primate of the Hungarian Catholic Church. Frequent Pastoral Letters have drawn attention throughout the world to His Eminence Cardinal Joseph Mindszenty, who has expressed remarkable comments

about the Government (which by resolution in 1945 pays him twice the salary of its Prime Minister), nationalisation of land, secularisation of church-sponsored schools, and dissolution of certain Catholic organisations for the young.

Here is Mindszenty's capital. Once it was the capital of Hungary, Hungary's first. Esztergom is also sometimes called the cradle of European Christendom. For here was born in 969 St. Stephen, Hungary's first king. Within the walls of the city, diets were held 900 sanguinary years ago.

After noisy, bustling Budapest, where the speed of reconstruction and the cacophonous Cairo habits of the taxi-cab drivers are overpowering, the first impact of the shrivelled city of Esztergom, with only 22,000 inhabitants, is as of a stilled civilisation. The Primate's palace is in the main street, in which my limousine, generously placed at my disposal by a charming Communist member of the Government, was the only serious sign of traffic during the two-and-a-half hours I stayed with His Eminence.

BUT the exterior is wholly deceptive. Inside there are endless, wide corridors, austere but tidily carpeted, endless big rooms. And the library contains about 120,000 priceless volumes.

The courteous and dignified doorkeeper who opened the gate was the sole person I saw on my protracted march to the modest office of the Primate's principal private secretary, æsthetic, slim, quiet-voiced Mgr. Andrew Zakar. The Primate himself is thick-set and smaller than I had been led to expect. His deep, brown eyes are aglow the moment courtesies are over, and he describes the course of his war with the State. His one newspaper is censored, though officially there is no censorship. It has been, he also alleges, confiscated several times. He wants a daily, to take the place of the ten the Catholics had before the war.

OFTEN the Primate spoke in moderate tones, with little passion. At other moments the strong, peasant-like hands ceased playing with the cross dangling over the chest, and pointed to the blue sky in which the sun was still strong. I noted the pretty carnations in the distance among the vast, rambling grounds washed by the Danube. The Cardinal, who decided at ten to enter the Church, was elevated to Bishop four years ago, and in 1945 was chosen Primate, looked into the distance. He may have been thinking of neighbouring Czechoslovakia. Was he? Czechoslovakia has gone wholly Communist. Hungary is still ruled by a coalition, but is there not the memory of the warning spoken recently by the Deputy Premier, Rakosi, Secretary-General of the Communist Party?

As I leave, the secretary, who speaks English fluently, reminds me that Esztergom was long the Church capital. There is silence as I sit in the car awaiting the sight of the new bridges of resurgent Budapest, city of destiny in Europe's current history.



The Hon. Mrs. Rupert Hardy, sister of Lord Hindlip, with Lady Helena Hilton-Green



Capt. F. Spicer, who is Joint Master and huntsman of the Avon Vale, talking to Mr. H. W. Nell, M.F.H.



Three more Masters, the Duke of Northumberland, Sir Henry Tate, Bt., and Col. C. H. Hilton-Green



Mrs. R. Hoare, Major R. Hoare (W. Norfolk, M.F.H.) and Lord Irwin were also there



Col. and Mrs. Penn Lloyd comparing notes with Mrs. Maurice Kingscote



Sir Harold Nutting, M.P. for Melton, the Show President, with Mrs. Cantrell-Hubbersty (Quorn M.F.H.)



Lt.-Col. Sir Peter Farquhar, Bt., Master of the Portman, one of the judges, with Lady Farquhar

THE ROYAL



The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, who came over from their Northants home, Barnwell Castle, with the Duchess of Portland



Major Philip Cripps with his sister, Lady Cromwell, and Lord Cromwell, M.F.H.



Mr. B. M. Charlotte exchanging impressions with Mrs. R. Tavener and Mrs. J. Ward



Lady Buchanan-Jardine, Col. David Price, Mrs. Price and the Hon. Mrs. D. Campbell

FOXHOUND SHOW AT PETERBOROUGH



Mr. H. A. Andrew (Hampshire Hunt M.F.H.) with Mrs. Andreë



Col. N. V. Sackville and Mrs. Sackville discussing the various classes



Mr. and Mrs. Tim Muxworthy. He is the huntsman of the Enfield Chase



Capt. and Mrs. W. Fellowes, who are keen followers of the Fitzwilliam



From Trundle Hill spectators watch the finish of the New Ham Foal Stakes for two-year-olds on the first day's racing at Goodwood. Prince Aly Khan's Iran, the winner, with Gordon Richards up, is seen getting well ahead of Rapid Motion and Bluecoat

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

Court News: With the prospect of the opening to-morrow of what experts predict may be one of the best grouse seasons since before the war, the King is anticipating even more pleasure than usual from his stay in the Highlands. His Majesty's prowess as a shot has grown considerably with the years, and although he still cannot claim quite to be numbered in the same top-ranking class as his father—King George V. was one of the twelve best shots in Britain—he is undoubtedly to-day among the quickest and most accurate men with a gun in this country.

Major Andrew Haig, experiencing his first year as Factor of the Royal Estates in Scotland, has made every effort to ensure good sport, and the team of ghillies and keepers under him have worked manfully in support. Their one regret is that Princess Elizabeth, though enjoying the Highland air and scenery in which she takes so much delight, is unable this year to do any stalking. The Duke of Edinburgh, who joins the Royal party later this month, when his annual leave is due from the Royal Naval Staff College at Greenwich, is a keen lover of the sport and is sure to spend some of his days stalking.

THE QUEEN, who has never had any real interest in shooting, prefers to devote her days at Balmoral to the quieter pursuits of the countryside. She is each year often accompanied by Princess Margaret, a frequent and informal visitor to the houses on and around the Balmoral estates. It is a little difficult to realise that Her Majesty celebrated her forty-eighth birthday just before leaving London for the north, for she is surely one of the youngest-looking women of her generation.

Among many other early visitors to Scotland this year are Lord and Lady Hardinge of Penshurst, who have been in the Highlands for some weeks.

* * *

GOODWOOD certainly lived up to its name of Glorious Goodwood this year. Although many people found the weather too hot for racing, how preferable these four days of brilliant sunshine were to the cold, windy weather which many feared would continue and mar the race meeting on this lovely Sussex course belonging to the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. The turf was in perfect condition, the stands each day appeared more crowded than ever, and the flowers on the lawn in the private stand were delightful to see, especially the fine begonias massed around the Goodwood House box.

Although there were no Bucks Club or Cavalry Club luncheon tents, there was a members' tent and several private luncheon tents under the shady trees. Among those extending very welcome hospitality to their friends were the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, with their house-party from Arundel. Sir John and Lady Jarvis, who entertained numerous friends each day in their adjacent tent, also had many members of their family with them, including their son, and their two married daughters, the Hon. Mrs. Charles Lyle and Mrs. Francis Williams, with Mr. Francis Williams and their young daughter Jennifer, who has inherited the family love of horses and racing. The Francis Williams's have recently moved into an attractive new house in North Wales and had a house-warming party in their new home a few days before Goodwood.

In a nearby tent Major and Mrs. Carlos Clarke were entertaining friends; everyone in Sussex is sad to know they have sold Ellens, their delightful Sussex home, and are shortly moving to Ireland, where they plan to live. With Mrs. Carlos Clarke were her two sons, Michael and John de Pret Roose; her attractive sister Lady Throckmorton and Mrs. Edward Mann. Major Hornung and Mr. Graeme Whitelaw were two others with luncheon tents.

This year many more people seemed to be staying in the district for the meeting, and there were house-parties all around. The Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Gordon had a party of very young people, who are friends of their young sons, the Earl of March and Lord Nicholas Gordon-Lennox; and Lord Cowdray had a big party over at Cowdray Park, where polo was played each day as before the war. Mr. Rex Benson and his lovely wife had a party at their Sussex home, as did Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Miller. Mr. and Mrs. Roger Hall also entertained, and so did Mr. and Mrs. John Hislop and Major and Mrs. Geoff Phipps Hornby. Capt. Hector and Lady Jean Christie were staying at Bosham, and Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Lord and Lady George Scott, Major and Mrs. Peter Herbert and Viscount Stavordale were amongst those who had chosen the Hotel Metropole at Brighton.

I was among the lucky people staying with friends at Angmering-on-Sea, one of the most charming and unspoilt of English seaside resorts. It is within easy reach of Goodwood, so that we could bathe in the sea and spend a morning on the beach each day before going to the course.

AMONG those racing each day were the Duke of Roxburghe, Vicomtesse Obert de Thieusies, the Earl of Rosebery, who was staying at Arundel, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, Lady Charles, the Earl and Countess of Feversham, Sir Eustace and Lady Pulbrook, the Aly Khan, who had a good winner the first day when Iran won the New Ham Foal Stakes; Mr. and Mrs. John Rogerson and Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Rank—the latter had a winner on the second day when Integrity won the Molecomb Stakes.

Also there were Earl Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Errol Holmes, the Earl and Countess of Durham and their small son, the Hon. John Lambton, Lord and Lady Digby, Lady Gibson, Sir Richard Sykes, receiving congratulations on his new son; Mr. Tom Blackwell, Lady Sudeley and Mr. and Mrs. Jocelyn Hambro.

A REALLY pre-war polo week was enjoyed at Cowdray Park during Goodwood Week, although perhaps some of the ponies were not as fit and fast as in the old days, and I was told some of them were straight off grass. But I do think Lord Cowdray, who is such a fine, all-round sportsman, is to be heartily congratulated on organising a polo week with all the present-day difficulties.

There were seven teams competing, which included many well-known players. The visiting teams were Friar Park, Barton Abbey, Albemarle, in which team Major Humphry Guinness was playing, and Ham, who had Major Deed and Capt. J. Butter in the side. The home teams were Cotswold, with Major Geoff Phipps-Hornby, Mixed Grill, with Col. Peter Dollar, and Cowdray, with Mr. John Lakin, who is Lord Cowdray's brother-in-law, and played in an England team in 1939 in America. They played two matches each evening after racing, and the finals on the Saturday.

HUNDREDS of people will never forget the sight of Arundel Castle floodlit as they arrived for the very successful ball which the Duchess of Norfolk gave there on the Wednesday of Goodwood Week in aid of the Sussex Association of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs. As guests drove over the drawbridge into the vast turfed courtyard, with its encircling drive, they saw hundreds of deck chairs on the grass. At the end near the front door there were three long buffet tables, all lit by ordinary wax candles in silver candelabras. Candles burning gaily out of doors in this climate is something few of us have ever dreamt of, but on this glorious summer night they kept alight until daybreak. This majestic castle was a truly superb setting for a ball, with its mass of battlemented stone, a keep which I was told is 65 ft. in diameter, and walls 8 to 10 ft. thick.

Inside, guests eager to see all the beautiful pictures and other priceless treasures, strolled through the vast halls and galleries decorated with huge vases of flame gladioli. A band played in one of the galleries, which was never crowded, even when several hundred guests were dancing.

THE Duchess of Norfolk looked very attractive in a dress of scarlet lace and chiffon, and with this she wore long diamond earrings, a diamond necklace, and one wide diamond bracelet; she danced frequently during the evening, and I saw her partnering Major Hugh Brassey, while his wife danced with the Duke of Norfolk. Others dancing were Lord and Lady Cornwallis, the latter in an elegant picture dress. They brought a party including Mr. and

Mrs. Alex Abel Smith. Miss Sharman Douglas was dancing with the Hon. Richard Stanley, and Mrs. George Glossop was dancing with Mr. Philip Glover, whose wife was partnered by Mr. Jimmy Jarvis. Lord and Lady Roderic Pratt were dancing together, and so were Lord and Lady Rupert Neville.

Among others I saw enjoying this wonderful party were Lord and Lady George Scott, Sir Giles and Lady Loder, and Major and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, who were down from Leicestershire; Mr. and Mrs. Roger Hall, who brought a large party, the Earl and Countess of Feverham, whom I saw talking to Lord Cowdray, Mr. and Mrs. John Rogerson, Mr. and Mrs. Clive Graham, Lady Margaret Fortescue and her fiancé Mr. Bernard van Cutsem, Miss Angela Darling, and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hasting, who were among those staying in the castle, as were Lord and Lady Irwin, Col. John and Lady Jane Nelson, Capt. Jack Clayton, the Hon. Ronald Strutt and the Earl of Rosebery, whom I did not see at the ball. I am sure everyone will congratulate the Duchess of Norfolk on the success of all her work and hope that she will make this an annual event in Goodwood race week.

As the first night of *The Glass Menagerie* clashed with the ball at Arundel Castle, I came up to London for the second night, which was given in aid of that most deserving cause, the Save the Children Fund. Princess Marie Louise came to this special performance, and was received on her arrival by Lady Waddilove, the chairman. She watched the performance from a box with Lady Waddilove and Mr. and Mrs. Attlee. Others I saw in the audience that night enjoying Helen Hayes's excellent performance were the Nepalese Ambassador and the Rani Kaiser, who wore a diamond tiara with her sari, the Belgian Ambassador and Vicomtesse Obert de Thieusies, the Chinese Ambassador and Mme. Cheng Tien-Hsi, Lord and Lady Ebbisham, Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, Prince Vsevolode and Princess Romanovsky Pavlovsky, Lady (Albert) Levy and Mr. and Mrs. Moore. Selling programmes were Miss Felicity Attlee, the Hon. Janet Blades and Miss Cheng.

On the opening night the stage was well represented; Joyce Carey came with Mr. Godfrey Winn, who also brought Mrs. Terry Robinson, from the United States. Ingrid Bergman, looking very glamorous, sat in a box with Joseph Cotten, and Wendy Hiller, just back from America, was with her husband. Two other travellers just returned from the U.S. at the opening were Mr. and Mrs. Warren Chatham Strode, while Baroness Ravensdale was escorted by the playwright, Mr. Romney Brent.



The Duchess of Norfolk arriving at Goodwood from Arundel. Her filly Baccarat was third in the Molecomb Stakes



The Duke of Norfolk, who had a large house-party for the meeting, walking with Lady Irwin



The Hon. Mrs. George Lambton, the owner, with her son, Mr. Edward Lambton, who trains



Col. and Mrs. Sofer Whitburn were also among those who saw Dramatic win the Stewards Cup



Capt. and Mrs. Jack Dennis, who live in Sussex. Capt. Dennis is an owner and rides under N.H. rules



Mr. J. A. Dewar, one of the most successful of last season's owners, with Mrs. Dewar

Racegoers at Goodwood in the Very-Well-Timed Heat Wave



The Countess alighting from her car as she arrives for the reception at the Savoy Hotel, while the Earl waits to escort her inside



The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, formerly the Hon. Maureen Guinness, and a niece of the Earl of Iveagh



Lady Mary Alexander and her daughter, the Hon. Charmiane Wilson, were also present

THE EARL OF DERBY MARRIES LADY ISABEL MILLES-LADE

The Royal Family Attended the Wedding of the Season in Westminster Abbey



The bridal attendants leaving the Abbey. Behind: Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, Miss Catherine Stanley, Miss Violet de Trafford and Lady Diana Milles-Lade. In front, Sara Gore, David Astor, Rupert Hambro, Robin Clyde, Tatton Sykes and Fiona Sheffield



The Duchess of Marlborough (centre) and the Earl and Countess of Dudley with Winston Churchill (left), son of Major Randolph Churchill, Lord Charles Spencer-Churchill and Serena Russell



The Duke of Marlborough followed by his elder daughter, Lady Sarah Russell, and her husband



Major and Mrs. Murray Smith were also among the large and brilliant assembly



Lord and Lady Digby, from Dorset, were also there. Lord Digby is a distinguished soldier



The Duchess of Buccleuch waiting for her car after the reception



Sir Hugh Smiley, Bt., and Lady Smiley. Sir Hugh is the third baronet



Loelia Duchess of Westminster with Mrs. Carlos Clarke and Major Carlos Clarke



The Duchess of Kent leaving after the wedding with Lady Patricia Ramsay



The King and Queen, with Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, arriving at Westminster Abbey. The Princess Royal was also present



On the beach of the Island: Mme. Robert Saulnier-Blache massages Mme. Bertie Imbs. In the foreground is M. Bertie Imbs, while the white coat is worn by Mme. Jean Gutzeit



More of the younger set on holiday: (Right to left) Mlles. Monica Villiers, Beatrice Merrick, Lione, Georges, Picot, Gougoud, Françoise Cousin, and Beatrice and Isabella Cheveau



Mme. Henri Gentien, who makes the long journey from Casablanca to acquire the Island's unparalleled sun-tan



Mons. M. Villiers, president of the Patronat Français, with his daughter Monica and (sitting) M. Pierre Bressy and Mme. Fabre Luce, daughter of the Princesse de Faucigny-Lucinge

Priscilla of Paris

Visitors to Elysium

THE FARM ON THE ISLAND.—How difficult it is to avoid superlatives and write, with measure, of a person, a thing or a place one loves.

Some years ago, on my return to Paris after the holidays, I found myself sitting next to Jacques Bousquet at the first "First Night" of the autumn season.

"Where have you been?" he asked (having, himself, done the Cannes-St. Tropez-Biarritz-Deauville circuit).

"Mon cher," I answered in the tone of voice with which one speaks of the new baby, the dancing of Margot Fonteyn, the cooking at a recently discovered pub or the miracle of a perfect maid of all work, "I have spent the summer at a little island off the coast of . . ."

"Take that look off your face!" interrupted Jacques, "you're starting to tell me all about the island that is to remain nameless!"

And I was. And I still am.

TIME cannot stale the infinite variety of its beaches. Rocky coves with mysterious caves here; great stretches of firm sands there; woods of ilex and fir trees that slope down to the sea elsewhere. Plantations of mimosas. Sand dunes. The breakers of the Atlantic on the west coast, while the placid waters, between the island and the Continent, are like an immense lake.

No Casino. No golf links. Only two hotels—very simple but nowadays, alas, somewhat expensive. There are many villas in the woods, and, of course, the locals take "lodgers" in every room they possess.

If we had an Island Journal many famous names would be found amongst the lists of arrivals each year when the fine old houses, overlooking the bay, are opening, and the younger people come down to the modernised cottages that abound. The Murats, La Rochefoucaulds, Navacelles, Mareuils, Maistres, Dampierres, Jansens, to name but a few.

AMONGST the "commoners" we have the emperor of wine merchants, whose dark marble, chromium-plated shops are to be found in every quarter of Paris; the chain-store king whose bargain counters are the joy of every little *ménagère's* heart; a famous *restaurateur*, who once sent his chef down to the Island in order to learn how mussels ought to be cooked; the *Président du Patronat français*, who enjoys his too-short holiday on a lovely little yacht recently presented to him by his many friends; a famous dress designer, who is already returning to town for the showing of her autumn collection, and a coal prince, my

neighbour, whose eight children are the joy of my life.

We have had our political personages also, but these have vanished and I miss them not. Some are in prison, perhaps unjustly, while others, who might have been put where their tongues could do no harm, are running around elsewhere. Politics are banned here as a topic of conversation by wise people, not because we are blindly indifferent to the amazing muddle that peace has brought about, but because we can do nothing about it.

GRUMBLING gives zest to enjoyment, but we confine our complaints to the cost of living and vow that we will live on dry bread and the results of our own prawning expeditions. This does not alter the fact that the *pâtissier* of the inland village main street, where one finds cream buns at 25 francs a bite, is crowded every morning, and the tiny restaurant, whose *homard à l'américaine* is even better than at Prunier's, never has a free table later than midday, although one usually has to wire one's bank for funds after paying the *addition*.

This reminds me to say that British visitors—there are a few—had better cash their traveller's cheques in Paris. There is no bank on the Island, and only once a week do we see the representative of a *maison de crédit* from the nearest big town. Then do the aliens queue up with their credentials and, very rightly, curse the mismanagement of everything official in this lovely country.

ABOOK has been published recently that every visitor to Paris should read—*Paris To-day*, by Eric Whelpton (Rockliff Publishing Corporation; 18s.). It is the most helpful volume of its kind I have ever come across; beautifully illustrated and, in every way, interesting even to stay-at-homes.

Voilà!

● In a little fishing village, where electricity is rare, tiny Henri and Babette discover various primitive methods of illumination. They also find that, at certain hours every day, the sea vanishes. "Where is it?" asks Henri. "The tide has gone out," answers Mama. "Just like a candle!" says Babette.

Reception in London for U.S. Army Flyers



Lt.-Col. David Schilling, leader of the U.S. jet fighters which flew to Germany, talking to Air Vice-Marshal A. MacGregor



Also at the Savoy reception were Lt.-Col. Jack Bradley, Liaison Officer with Fighter Command, and W/Cdr. John Cunningham, the night-fighter ace



Lt. J. Newman, the jet pilots' medical officer, with Lady Elliot, wife of Air Vice-Marshal Sir William Elliot, A.O.C. Fighter Command



Sir Frederick Handley Page, the aircraft manufacturer, with Major John H. Brewster. Superfortress pilots were also present



Mr. E. E. Spicer, Mrs. F. L. R. Tindall, Mr. R. Travers Hawes, Mrs. Douglas and Mr. F. L. R. Tindall with the bat and ball which were competed for during the evening. The dance was held at Camden Place, and 250 guests were present

The West Kent Cricket Club Week Ends with a Ball at Chislehurst



Miss Anne Chiesman, Major Denis P. O'Brien, Col. L. Pomphret, Mrs. F. G. Wrisberg and Lt.-Gen. F. G. Wrisberg



Mr. Charles E. Fletcher and Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Guest discuss the outstanding events of the week



Col. N. Ramsay and Mrs. Tilden-Smith at supper with Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Odling



Capt. E. W. Sinclair, R.N. (ret.), Mr. C. Stuart Chiesman, Mr. T. B. Daniels and Mr. Victor Medley



Major-Gen. C. W. Norman with Mrs. Douglas, who was the lucky winner of the bat



The Hon. Mrs. Alastair Cooper, cousin of Lord Glanusk, the British lady champion trout-fly caster, making a cast in the salmon-fly distance test



Mme. Bucx, the Belgian champion, also does well with the salmon fly. Ninety feet is considered a good distance with modern tackle

A FLY-CASTING TOURNAMENT AT WIMBLEDON

Competitors from the U.K., Belgium, France, Sweden and the U.S. took part in a Casting Tournament, held by the British Casting Association, at Wimbledon Park Lake recently. The spot chosen was close to the eighteenth green, and the two days of the tournament saw some extremely brilliant displays.

The performances included those of Mr. J. E. May of Bedford, who broke the world records in $\frac{1}{8}$ -oz. bait, with a cast of 25 yds. 2 ins., and of M. A. Dalberg (Sweden), who broke the British professional record in $\frac{1}{2}$ - and 1-oz. bait distance. Taking part in the tournament were the British, French and Belgian lady champions.



Mme. Recorbet, another Belgian competitor, operating in the one-eighth bait distance event, in which she put up an excellent performance



Mr. W. H. Bates, one of the judges of the salmon-fly distance. The British amateur record was broken by L. P. S.



Mrs. V. M. Smith, Miss Joan Salvato, the U.S. champion dry-fly caster, and Mrs. Marvyn K. Hedge



An ideal—and idyllic—occupation for a summer's day: spectators watching the competitions at the lakeside. The tournament, which takes place annually, was the most successful ever held



Mr. H. Clark, a non-competitor (right), helps M. Parys, of Belgium, to prepare his reel for an event



Mr. Marvyn K. Hedge (U.S., peaked cap), trout-fly distance winner, demonstrates his methods



Tasker, Press Illustrations
Miss Barbara Bailey practising, watched by Mr. E. D. K. Harrison and Mrs. Lionel Sweet



"... by Heaven, Horsecroft, it is!" (Exit sepoy)

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

ARTISTS who achieved fame by being shot from guns twice nightly are such a dwindling band that the recent death in America of Signor Zacchini, who started the racket, has possibly reduced their front-rank numbers to one, if indeed the famous "Zaza" is still flourishing.

A few years ago a chap we know met "Zaza," that superb spangled beauty who charmed your grandfather thus at the London Aquarium in the 1880's. In the 1930's she was a quiet old lady full of memories, living on the Riviera. Being blown continually from guns had left no mark on her placid brow. It was apparently chaps blown from guns by sepoy, an Indian Mutiny diversion, who arrived at the other end in sections. A *Chums* illustration which ravished our infancy depicted the beginning of this procedure only, since distant music suddenly halted the preparations. Hiest, Grantworthy! Do you not hear? By Heaven, Horsecroft, it is! The skirling of the pipes! We shall foil these devils yet! (Enter Highland regiment with tossing kilts, exit sepoy.) One hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry.

As Mutiny memories were still fresh enough in the 1880's, one may guess that some of our grandfathers may have left the Aquarium in testy mood, jingling gold seals and saying pish, pish, and pooh. Cabby, drive me to hell, I mean Evans's.

Missile

ARCHERY experts in the United States have just proved by experiment that the standard Agincourt arrow fired from the standard bow of Spanish yew pierces plate-armour at 60 yards like cardboard; a useful reminder to chaps who think medieval battles were a joke.

May we remind you further that the archers who won at Agincourt were countrymen of our own, undoubtedly inspiring terror in the Staff equally, an old Welch privilege? Early in World War One we knew a G.S.O.I, one of the glossiest mothers' darlings attached to French's entourage, who nearly had to have his staylances cut on the roadside after a New Army battalion of wild apelike Cymric shapes had loped past him with blazing eyes, chanting menaces in an unknown tongue. So at Agincourt our countrymen may have affected the Samurai. In fact an old manuscript supplies a significant verse missing from Drayton's well-known poem, and typical in its attitude:

After that bloody fight,
Blenched every decent knight,
Harry the King went white,
White as his ermine;
When, crying "tam" and "plast,"
Vile, bandy shapes rolled past,
Cursing the Master-Caste,
Calling them "fermin."

Rhys, Evan, Dafydd, Iolo, Gruffydd, Morgan, Siencyn, Owain, your names are not on the Agincourt roll. It is the view of this department,

brothers, that the Saesneg must have thought you pretty awful form.

Economic

ROMANO's in the Strand received so many handsome floral tributes from the Press boys during its recent lying-in-state that one wonders why this temple of a dead Bohemia never collected any Yellow Book notices during its orchidaceous hey-day.

You'd think the Yellow Book poets, who were very fond of desolate passions and bitter betrayals, viewed against a rococo background, would have gone for Romano's in a big way, since the anguish of the Brigade of Guards and the Stock Exchange was poured into cruel shell-pink ears there nightly. The most likely reason the poets did not do so is that it cost far more to brood at Romano's than at the Café Royal, where one absinthe at 1/6 could last a dreamer half the night; as indeed one of them admitted in a poem called *The Absinthe Drinker*:

The world is very fair. The hours are all
Linked in a dance of mere forgetfulness ...

Footnote

THEY couldn't get away with this at Romano's, with waiters pouncing and little actresses flouncing and huge redfaced lovesick chaps bouncing and yearning to bust dreamers on the nose.

Gently I wave the visible world away,
Far off I hear a roar, afar yet near. ...

Thus Mr. Arthur Symons at the Café Royal, over his 60% Pernod. Two or three absintnes might produce a book of verse at 5/- net out of which the Café Royal got nothing whatsoever. In this way did Art put it across Mammon.

Worry

PERUSING a chatty article, headed *How We Speed Up The Turn-Round of Wagons on Soviet Railways*, in a recent issue of the Soviet Embassy's free propaganda-handout, we came upon a phrase vaguely reminiscent of something or other:

Even so, in the grim days of the war, wagon turn-round was constantly in the minds of Soviet railwaymen.

What this recalls, we since discover, is Dr. Astrov in *Uncle Vanya*. They brought that melancholy old soak a railwayman to operate on, and he died under the chloroform. Doc Astrov's diagnosis was spotted typhus. He never dreamed of suspecting cerebral trouble. Today the Chief Commissar of Soviet

Railways would have to remind him that intellectual over-strain is not the prerogative of an effete bourgeois intelligentsia.

"Have you ever heard of Bloomsbury, England?"
"No."

"In Bloomsbury the workers gather in the factories of Bedford Square and Charlotte Street to sing a song which begins: 'We rejoice to share the agony of thoughts on wagon turn-round with our noble Soviet railway comrades for the sake of mankind and of Marxist Democracy.' Do you know that song?"

"No."

"The workers of Bloomsbury weep as they sing it, but afterwards they are happy and they dance with the workers of the *New Statesman*, a paper full of joy. Do you know it?"

"No."

The C.C.S.R. then scrawls a few words on a paper and rings a bell, and very little interests Doc Astrov afterwards. And serve him right, the dirty fascist cannibal.

Snook

AMONG the more impressive international chatter-circles flourishing at the moment at the World Health Assembly, which has just held a plenary session at (naturally) Geneva, seems to demand attention. One moment, caddie!

From Harley Street we learn that the W.H.A. is concerned chiefly with health, a constant preoccupation of the Faculty. If you recall Jules Romain's famous comedy *Knock, ou le Triomphe de la Médecine*, there is a big stout healthy chap in the town who has annoyed the terrible Dr. Knock for some time by boasting that he can carry his mother-in-law round at arm's length. However the bell rings at length for that stout.

DR. KNOCK: He defied me for nearly three months. ... Well, that's over.

DR. PARPALAD: What?

DR. KNOCK: He's in bed. His boastings were beginning to weaken the medical spirit of the community.

As most of the populace is already in bed, under the supervision of Dr. Knock, this completes, as it were, the "medical pattern" of the little town of Saint-Maurice. From a personal clash with the Faculty some time ago it appears that we ourselves are walking round at this moment pulling an unfor-givable snook at Harley Street. According to two eminent and irritable specialists we ought to be dead; according to a third, alive, but a hopeless invalid. They'll get us yet.



"... one absinthe at 1s. 6d. could last a dreamer half the night"



Major T. Garnett, Mrs. E. Capel, Major E. Capel, Mrs. E. F. H. Aubertin, Col. Sandy, Major T. McCarthy, Mr. E. F. H. Aubertin, Miss Mary Garnett and Mr. John Garnett



Miss E. Moubray, Cadet J. Burchell, Major M. E. N. MacWilliam, Miss Douglas-Pennant, Major John Turnbull, Miss Angela Palmer, Mrs. Marie and Capt. R. M. Bircumshaw



The grounds of the Royal Military Academy were charmingly lighted for the summer's great festivity, and the 3000 guests also danced in the gymnasium and a marquee

THE SANDHURST SUMMER BALL



Also among the guests were Mr. J. M. Ingram, Miss A. Townleigh, Miss Juliette Leathart, Mr. Gerald Moss, Mrs. Michael Wigley, Mr. David Fladgate, Miss Barbara Lawford, Mr. Michael Wigley, Miss Susan Townleigh and Mr. Anthony Maslen



Lt.-Col. A. Macdonald, O.B.E., Mrs. D. A. Turner, Mrs. A. Macdonald, Major W. M. E. White, O.B.E., Mrs. White and Major D. A. Turner. Major White commands the Inkerman Company, which is the champion company this term



H. J. Wood, Southampton

A Family Reunion, recently took place at the Old Rectory, Bishopstoke, Hants, the home of Admiral C. S. Townsend, C.B., and Mrs. Townsend. The occasion was the christening of William Townsend Freeman, the Admiral's youngest grandson. Standing: Mr. W. A. Freeman, Mr. J. A. C. Talbot, Miss A. H. Talbot, F/Lt. P. A. Townsend, Lt.-Col. C. M. Townsend, Lt.-Cdr. J. L. Woolcombe, Miss S. Talbot. Sitting: Mrs. W. A. Freeman with William Freeman, Mrs. J. A. Talbot, Admiral C. S. Townsend, Mrs. C. S. Townsend, Mrs. C. M. Townsend, Mrs. J. L. Woolcombe, Miss Clarke (Nanny), with Jessie Freeman. On ground: Sally Woolcombe, John Talbot, Tarn Townsend, Cyril Townsend and Tessa Townsend

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

At this present moment when you meet that great philosopher, the Man in the Street, he conveys the definite impression of the chap who is seeing the ball well and is in no great hurry to play to the gallery: he is merely waiting for that loose one, or that full toss, in absolute confidence of his ability to deal with it according to its deserts.

Our good friend is not the least bit overawed by the Red-hot pace, or by the close-set field of highly expert persons who seemingly leave him not so much as a rat-hole, and who will catch him if they can or throw his wicket down if he gives them half a celluloid cat's chance. He and his equally unperturbed partner are just playing each one as it comes, in the full knowledge that if they hang on long enough they are bound to break the back of the attack.

And they are dead right. Every known ruse has been tried to upset their nerve or penetrate the defence, and it has failed. It is certain that the Man in the Street has forgotten how to spell the word "Munich!" Stout, fellah!

"Harroway near Goodwood"

THAT is what it was called when the third Duke of Richmond set it going as a race-course in 1800-1801. Amongst the many spectres who must have been watching a supposed racing certainly lose the Goodwood Cup were certainly three, one of whom was denied entry to the Stud Book under something like the Jersey Act. Two of them would have been noticed to be carrying their heads in the position customary to well-bred shades; the other would have been in the hunting kit of the mid-Jacobite period. Poor Monmouth, Lord Grey and Squire Roper knew all about Goodwood, for they lived at a place then much better known, called Charlton, where Roper bred a pack of hounds, at that time held to be the best in all England, and where Monmouth said that, when he was King, he would hold his Court. He was the best-looking of all the Stuarts, hardly excepting that good cavalry soldier, Rupert.

As is well known, Monmouth and Grey were caught by one of James II.'s cavalry patrols very shortly after the disastrous defeat of Sedgemoor. They had turned their spent horses loose, put on country labourer's smocks over their battle-dress, and had been hiding in any ditch or barn that was available. Monmouth panicked, but Grey did not, and even when on the way to London and certain death, he talked gaily of hounds and horses.

Squire Roper was lucky enough to get away, and he did not return until after Orange William had won the Battle of the Boyne. He

then went back to this Goodwood country, where he had bred those hounds and died out hunting in 1715. To-day this region is familiar to hunting people as the Cowdray.

Another spectre that may have been there, and I should think most probably was, must have been the lovely Lavinia Fenton, second Duchess of Bolton. She was the original "Polly Peachum" of *The Beggar's Opera*. What an interesting lot of people were there if only we could have seen them! I expect they all backed Arbar, like most of us.

A Statesman's Steeplechase

WHEN we hear from his own lips from one of our most valorous and pugnacious fellow-countrymen that he passed the night before riding in his first steeplechase "in some anxiety," and settling what he should leave to which of his sorrowing survivors, the measure of alarm which a really quite harmless and pleasant amusement can cause may be accurately gauged. Probably it will always be a case of *omne ignotum*! If it had been a bull-

fight or walking up a wounded tiger, it would be far easier to believe what Mr. Winston Churchill told his audience.

Furthermore, this deponent knows that the eventually V.I.P. was not in the least bit alarmed, for not very long after this, he had proof positive by encountering the hard-punching No. 1 of the 4th Hussars polo team in a thing called—facetiously, as I always thought—a Calcutta paper-chase, a really blood-curdling ride over some most unpleasant obstacles which were not even flagged. You had to find your way by following a litter of paper, and horrible fences popped up at you at most unexpected moments.

The incident remains vivid because two from home there was a rather colourful conversation. The ancient Greeks called that sort of thing *epa pteronta*! Mine was crossed, changed his leg, and came down like a hundred of bricks. The bridle came off, otherwise I might have retained possession and been in time to finish the debate to my own liking. As it was, the wind was so badly knocked out of me that the last word had to be with the other chap. So many other purple things have happened in between whiles that I expect that he has forgotten what he said as I have what I said. If it were otherwise, it might provide a bit of light reading of the kind never found in *Hansard*.

BRIGGS—by Graham



"Another of your lah-de-dah friends to see you, m'lord . . ."

That First Time!

IT must be admitted, however, that that first appearance in colourful clothes that feel so scanty, on a horse that seems far too large, especially if the saddle is so light that his backbone can be felt through it, must always be a bit of a thrill and perhaps even an anxiety until you are thrown up on to the animal's back. Then all that "bowl of quivering curds" feeling vanishes.

It is the animal magnetism that does the trick. The atmosphere immediately becomes as cool as two cucumbers, and even the fierce faces of the antagonists have no power to quench the neophyte's courage. Upon the occasion of this person's début I was the only G.R. in the contest. All the rest were "Professors," and looked as if they had ridden straight out of Rolf Boldrewood's *Robbery Under Arms*. The steeplechase jockeys in India at that time were all Australians: most wore heavy moustaches and looked completely unsafe playmates; but actually were very decent coves—if you didn't get in their way or try to speak, or win, out of your turn.

Box you up most neatly, and not let you get out until it was far too late to catch the one carrying the money—most certainly! But knock you over, or put you through a wing—never. They were far too good sportsmen.

EMMWOOD'S WARRIOR WARBLERS

(NO. 11)

Capable of immensely extended flights in pursuit of prey, this bird, unlike the storm petrel which it somewhat resembles, never sleeps on the wing

ADULT MALE: General colour above russet, crested with a somewhat shaggy sable crest and having a gilded growth of well-marshalled feathers above the left orbital bone; tufted above the eye-sacs and below the beak with ashy-fulvous feathers; beak well curved and faintly puce; body feathers drab, outer coverts woolly and warm: often to be seen with a gay little plume of spotted feathers on the left breast; shanks sturdy and rather flannel-like as to texture; feet nimble. The bird is capable of showing a tremendous turn of speed when in pursuit of its natural prey

HABITS: The Caravan Creeper has many quaint little habits but, owing to the bird's penchant for making sudden, swift sorties in all directions, it is extremely difficult to annotate upon these peculiarities with any accuracy. As the late Captain G. S. I. They, the well-known authority on this bird, remarked: "I had been browsing quietly, and awoke to find that the bird had moved its headquarters without my knowledge: when I eventually caught up with it I was extremely startled by its nerve-racking cries and angry rocketings." The Caravan Creeper feeds almost exclusively upon the greener vegetable matter, and is most careful as to its fluid intake: the aroma of the rare tobacco plant would appear to irritate the bird to excess. A somewhat dusty specimen of the bird's crest, obtained in North Africa, is now preserved and well protected by armour in one of the more regimented areas of Dorsetshire.

HABITATS: The bird appears to be happiest when it is surrounded by pieces of eight and singing right heartily. It may be found perched, broodily, beside intricate heaps of sand or cloth. It is, however, apt to be somewhat touchy at this time. It nests exclusively in caravans.



The Sable-Crested Field Marshal—or Caravan Creeper

(Thmenvermagnificent - Wasntæ)

Scoreboard by R.C. Robertson-Flanagan

ON Saturday, many legs and very various vehicles will be carrying their supposed owners to the Oval, for the fifth and final test between the Lion and the Kangaroo; the Beard versus the Pouch. Not all the arrivals will get in; not all those who get in will see.

I remember, with delight, from ten years ago—or is it ten hundred years ago?—the bloke at the Oval Test (England 903 for 7, declared) who was "rosy with much wine" during the England innings, then sober for that of the Australians. His reason, viz., that he "wanted to see three of Len Hutton and only one of Don Bradman," would have been unanswerable had not Bradman been carried off the field owing to an injury while bowling. But a cortège of nine persons—or would it have been twelve?—escorting each other off three fields into three pavilions, is enough to confuse the keenest critic.

WHAT fun we've had at the Oval; this way and, sometimes, that. There is the family of gasometers; it lives on the right foreground, if you're propped up in the pavilion; on the left, if you're perched with Zeiss glasses on the top of Big Ben. They are a devoted family; father, mother, and several children; but very variable in conduct. They swell and diminish; like bank balances, operatic singers and angry people who find they're wrong.

THEN there was the spectator, with bowler-hat and coconut-matting moustache, who thought the gentlemen of the Press were talking too much and too loud; so he popped his hat and

moustache over the edge of the Press Box, and said so, and received an ambiguous answer, and popped down again; and his hat fell off; and, maybe, his moustache as well; and that artist of pen and pencil, Neville Cardus, drew me a picture on the back of his score-card, called "Bad Temper at the Oval," in a style half-way between the early Lord Leighton and the later Picasso.

AT the Oval, too, was enacted the best Run-Out since old men stood and young men ran. And I ought to know. For I was the temporary batsman who refused to go, who said, exactly and extensively, what he'd be before he went, when the umpires, good men both, knew no more about who was out than a walrus knows about Greek Grammar.

It was Tom Raikes who said he'd go, the always gay and often deadly bowler Thomas, waving a cheerful fin and referring, by way of solution, to some unfinished beaker of refreshment in the pavilion.

OXFORD v. Surrey, 1922. The whole set-up would be as a thrice-told chess problem. Enough to say that twice Tom and I passed each other and twice we ran nearly level to the same crease; what time the fielders juggled, overthrew, rejuggled, and the crowd roared advice, encouragement, and odds. And, before these involuntary races ever began, Tom and I had completed one run.

I heard from him the other day, from the Argentine, where he is now an estate-manager or major-domo. He still thinks we were both out, by rights.

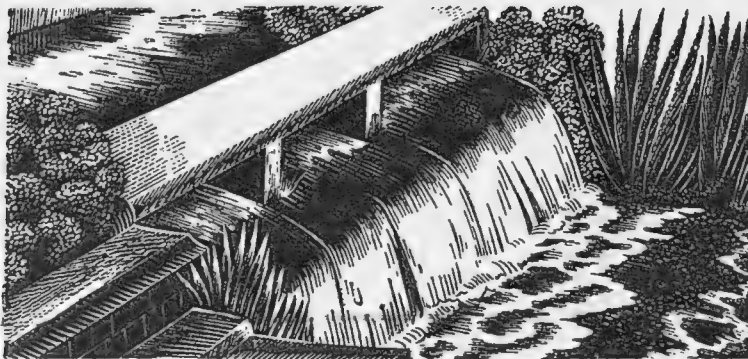
And the Anglo-Australian Tests at the Oval? There's been some fun and fury, art and

antics, in them right enough. 1921: 182 not out by Philip Mead; 51 by the England captain, now the third Baron Tennyson, after a terrific crack over the heart at 21; Bill Hitch bowling like steam and thunder; Andrews 94, Taylor 75; England's Jack Russell 102 not out in the second innings, while that great captain, Warwick Armstrong, reads the Stop Press in the deep; George Brown 84; the same Bill Hitch 51 not out.

1926: England recover the Ashes under the new leader, Percy Chapman; Arthur Mailey, schemer and wit, bowls Hobbs with a full toss; a young man called Larwood and an old man called Rhodes, helped by Maurice Tate, George Geary, Greville Stevens, bowl like the deuce; poker-face Collins and the giant Jack Gregory, then dapper Oldfield and leathery Grinnett, give Australia a short, unlooked-for lead.

HOBBS and Sutcliffe bat out an evening hour. Rain. Sticky wicket. At 172, Hobbs, 100, has a bail flicked away by Gregory. Sutcliffe on to 161. Ah, what batting, these two. And soon Larwood and Rhodes go to their work. Geary catches a sizzler in the slips from the one and only Macartney's bat. And that, as they say, was that. Old stuff? Maybe. But not worth forgetting.





Chapter headings by William Wood from "A Trout Rose," by R. D. Baird (Jarrolds; 12s. 6d.)

Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews

MONICA DICKENS hinges her new novel, *Joy and Josephine* (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.), on an endlessly promising situation—infants exchanged at birth—or rather, in this case, earliest infancy, at an age when only by the maternal eye is one baby to be known from another. In a room in a children's home in the West of England, diminutive orphaned high-born Joy (parked here till other plans can be made for her) and diminutive foundling Josephine lie in cots, side by side. Down at the home that evening happens to be dear, good-natured, emotional Mrs. Abinger, wife of a little grocer in North Kensington, in search of an adoptee. A fire breaks out in the babies' room; the alarm is raised just too late—out of the smoke-filled chamber are snatched the two babies: one is, tragically, dead.

Which has been the survivor—Joy or Josephine? There is no way to know. Both had been clad alike in the home's regulation nightgowns. Both had arrived at the home only that day; neither (in defiance of all the rules) had as yet been labelled—because the obscure Josephine could, it had been thought, be identified by the small cross tied round her neck. In the confusion after the fire the cross is, however, found to have disappeared. Mrs. Abinger, guileful as only the good can sometimes be, succeeds (by a *coup* it is not for me to detail) in convincing the home authorities that it was Joy who perished, Josephine who survived.

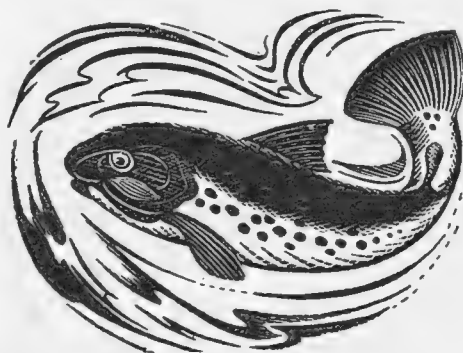
MATRON (a type in whose creation Miss Dickens pen is at its very best) is thus left with the awful task of informing one of England's best families that their descendant has perished while in her care; Mrs. Abinger sails triumphantly back to London with a baby which, though nominally a foundling of low origin, still may, for all she knows, be Joy, inheritor of the bluest blood. Mrs. Abinger has, in fact, baffled herself as thoroughly as the subsequent developments of Joy-Josephine's character—with its oscillations between the aristocratic and the sluttish—are to baffle the reader. Throughout, we are kept on the stretch, looking for clues. Is Mrs. Abinger's adoptee Joy or Josephine?

It was as "Josephine" that our heroine left the children's home; and as Josephine she must continue to pass—till the discovery that her antecedents are an open question sends her bolting off in search of the high-born relatives which, being Joy's, she should claim. The early years have gone by calmly enough, due to Josephine's at first having no idea that the Abingers are not her actual parents. To the neighbours in Portobello Road it remains a mystery how the unimpressive Abingers should have produced such a striking, high-spirited child.

In short—and here Miss Dickens' cleverness comes in—while the girl remains in humble surroundings, she gives us every reason to suspect that she must be Joy; but when, in the second half of the book, she succeeds in imposing herself on Joy's bachelor Uncle Rodney, and is adopted by him as his long-lost niece, the possibility that she may, after all, be Josephine more and more appears.

Groomed and taken around as a Mayfair beauty, "Joy," though enjoying the fleshpots, feels irked, longs for low company. Miss Dickens, one must admit, has decidedly weighted the scales against the *beau-monde*: Uncle Rodney is old-maidish, his friends are etiolated, and the family of the correct young man to whom Joy, in due course, becomes engaged, are quite appalling. Rodney's manservant, Alexander, seems the sole living creature in this extinct world.

READERS will find they share Joy-Josephine's preference for the Portobello Road. Mr. and Mrs. Abinger, their neighbours, and the come-and-go of the little shop are portrayed in (in all senses) the Dickens manner. The really first-rate chapters of *Joy and Josephine* are, however, to my mind, the beginning ones—the scenes at the children's home, which are at once comical, dire, and, in their very brusqueness, distinctly moving. Of the rest of the novel, would it be ungrateful to say that—acutely enjoyable as it is at its best moments—it should be shorter? I feel that Miss Dickens' wit gains by concentration; and that she underestimates her own great gift of evocativeness—hence, she sometimes drags out dialogue, or scenes, which the reader's imagination, once set



Tailpiece from "A Trout Rose," a deeply-informed and attractively-written account of fishing in the upper waters of the Ichen; showing, amongst other things, how exciting so peaceful a sport may become when there is a wily fish at one end of the line and an expert at the other

"Joy and Josephine"

"Hetty Dorval"

"Mr. Gay's London"

to work, would be capable of finishing for itself. This author's power of setting the reader's imagination to work cannot be doubted.

"HETTY DORVAL" (Macmillan; 6s.) is a first novel, short, but so remarkable as to convince me that its author, Ethel Wilson, should go a long way. Around a comparatively slight plot—a girl child's romantic affection for an older woman—Miss Wilson has brought into being an intense atmosphere. She has avoided, also, that pitfall of most novels about youthful infatuation: she does not over-stress the sensations of disillusionment.

Young Frankie Burnaby takes with most life-like calm the revelations as to Mrs. Dorval's character—for the good reason that Frankie is now engaged in the fascinating business of growing up, and that (let us be frank) for the imaginative person there will go on being as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. In fact—for we follow the odd, interrupted story to the year when Frankie, first met at twelve years old, is nineteen—what had begun as a lyric ends as a duel.

This is an unusual picture of a *femme fatale*. Young, or youthfully ageless, Mrs. Dorval is drifting, inconsequent, gives the impression of mysteriously withholding herself. Most of all, she has an odd vein of innocence, which, even at the very end of the story—when the whole trail of ruin behind her has been uncovered—one somehow cannot believe to be wholly false.

As a newcomer to the small, remote town of Lytton, British Columbia, Mrs. Dorval has been the subject of speculation for a longish time before she and Frankie meet. The mystery-lady, accompanied by a taciturn duenna and a large dog, has moved into an uphill bungalow with a superb view. Frankie, clattering down the valley on her pony, makes the acquaintance of Mrs. Dorval, out riding in the woods. The two are poignantly drawn together by their reaction to the same moment—a flight of wild geese crossing the autumn sky.

The valley of the Fraser lay broad below, lit by the September afternoon, and the geese, not too high, were now nearly overhead, travelling fast. The fluid arrow was an acute angle, wavering and changing, one line straggling out far behind the other. It cleft the skies, and as always I felt an exultation, an uprush within me joining that swiftly-moving company and that loud music of the wild geese. As we gazed, the moving arrow of great birds passed out of sight on its known way to the south, leaving only a memory of sight and sound in the still air. We drew a long breath.

... Then Mrs. Dorval turned her face on me and I realised all of a sudden that she had another face ...

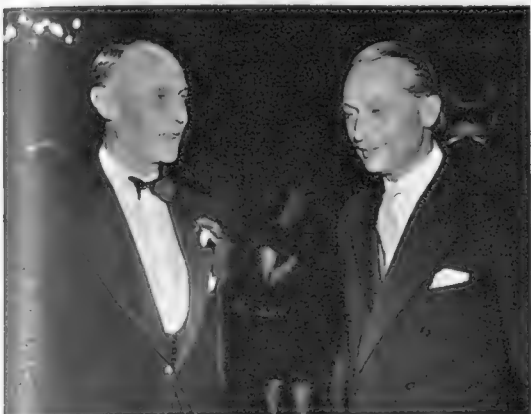
(Continued on page 190)



Among those at this "Farewell" party were Major-Gen. H. C. Stockwell, C.B., the Commander, Brig. and Mrs. Lathbury, and Brig. and Mrs. O'Brien Twohig



Brig. Rome, Cdre. Corbett Singleton, Major Donald Ross and Mrs. Corbett Singleton were also guests at the party, which was held at the Hyde Park Hotel



6th Airborne Division Give a "Disbandment" Cocktail Party

Lt.-Gen. G. H. A. Macmillan, C.B., formerly G.O.C. Palestine, with Major-Gen. Stockwell



The Rev. D. Ryle with Brig. Spafford, Chairman of the Airborne Forces Security Fund



Col. H. B. Shaw and Lt.-Col. John Tilley discuss wartime experiences



Lt.-Col. and Mrs. D. Pringle drink a toast with Lt.-Col. Croker



Mrs. R. Lonsdale, Lt.-Col. R. Lonsdale and Major P. C. Hinde



Miss Betty Rowe, Miss Jean Wright, Capt. Wilson, Lt. Robinson, Major-Gen. Stockwell, Capt. Rowe, Miss Edna Cole and Capt. and Mrs. Watson



Lt. Willows with Major and Mrs. Peter Taylor, Major Robinson and Mr. and Mrs. Tavener. The War Minister, Mr. Shinwell, was also at the party

Photographs by Lawson



Tweedsmuir — Grant

Lord Tweedsmuir, of Elsfield Manor, Oxfordshire, married Lady Grant, M.P., widow of Major Sir Arthur Lindsay Grant, of Monymusk, Aberdeenshire, and younger daughter of Brig. and Mrs. Alan Fortescue Thomson, of Easttriggs, Dumfriesshire, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



Hulbert-Powell — St. Aubyn

Mr. Charles Lacy Hulbert-Powell, only son of Canon and Mrs. Hulbert-Powell, of Burrell's Field, Cambridge, married the Hon. Philippa Catherine St. Aubyn, younger daughter of Lord and Lady St. Levan, of St. Michael's Mount, Marazion, Cornwall, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



Spring — Gilchrist

Mr. Michael Burton Spring, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Spring, of Falmouth, Cornwall, married Miss Jean Gilchrist, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Gilchrist, of Steyning, Seaview, Isle of Wight, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy.

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Dean — Walker

Mr. Michael James Dean, Malayan Customs Service, second son of Sir Arthur Dean, C.I.E., M.C., and Lady Dean, of New Delhi, India, married Miss Joan Patricia Sumner Walker, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Walker, of Teluk Anson, Malaya, at St. John the Divine, Ipoh, Malaya



Longman — Hollick

Mr. R. I. H. Longman, of Bouverie Avenue South, Salisbury, only son of Mr. and the late Mrs. W. H. Longman, of Weymouth, Dorset, married Miss Gwendolin Pearl Hollick, M.B.E., younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hollick, of St. Mark's Avenue, Salisbury, at Holy Trinity Church, South Kensington



Phillips — Campbell-Brown

Mr. Michael Phillips, son of Rear-Admiral Jerome Phillips, R.N., D.S.O., of Tabithas, Painswick, near Stroud, Gloucestershire, married Miss Monica Campbell-Brown, daughter of Mrs. C. E. Campbell-Brown, of Newport, Monmouthshire, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy



Sutherland — Griggs

Mr. Sydney Nelson Sutherland, eldest son of Mrs. Henry Sutherland and of the late Mr. Henry Sutherland, of Bedlington, Northumberland, married Miss Joan Marjorie Griggs, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Griggs, of Roundhay, Leeds, at St. John's Church, Roundhay

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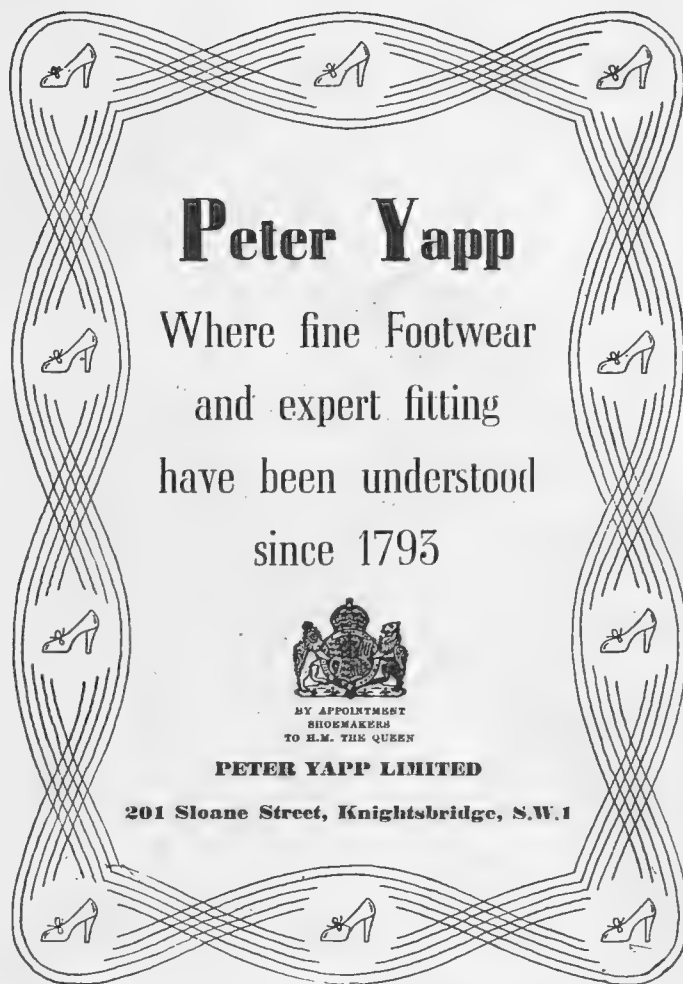
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Photographs by
John Cole

The fresh simplicity of gingham, fortified with charming detail, characterises these very junior miss dresses. A multi-coloured check with a frilled organdie yoke has puff sleeves and a neatly-fitted waistband. The smaller girl wears a white cotton pique sun-suit with a cherry motif, and a shady hat of the same crisp material

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Miss Ann Wallrock, daughter of Mr. Samuel Wallrock of Portman Square, W.1, and of the late Mrs. Wallrock, has announced her engagement to Mr. Dennis Norman Greig, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Greig, of St. Aubyn, Addington Park, Surrey



Pearl Freeman

Miss Gillian Mary Bristow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Lyell Bristow of Rutland Court, Knightsbridge, S.W.1, who is marrying Lt. John Nigel Humphry-Baker, R.N., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. P. N. Humphry-Baker, of Greystones, Olveston, Gloucestershire



Miss Diana Norah Turner, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Turner, Combe Sydenham, Williton, Taunton, who is engaged to Major Travers John Durrant Birdwood, son of the late Lt.-Col. G. T. Birdwood, I.M.S., and Mrs. Birdwood, of Walmer, Kent. The wedding will be at Stogumber, Somerset



Hay Wrightson

The Hon. Deirdre B. E. Lumley-Savile, only daughter of the late Lord Savile, K.C.V.O., and of Lady Savile, of Walshaw, Hebden Bridge, Yorks, who is engaged to Major Kent Kane Parrot, U.S. Air Corps, only son of Mr. K. K. Parrot, of Carmel, California, and of Mrs. Mary O'Hara, of Santa Ynez, California



Navana Vandyk

Miss Jean Hood Linzee, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. N. Hood Linzee, of Gloucester Lodge, Thames Ditton, Surrey, who has announced her engagement to Major F. L. J. Suren, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Suren, of Redlands, Andheri, India



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Mrs. Loveday Cartwright, of Arthur Road, Wimbledon, widow of Major Guy Valentine Cartwright, the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, engaged to Capt. Robin Vivian Cartwright, also of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment



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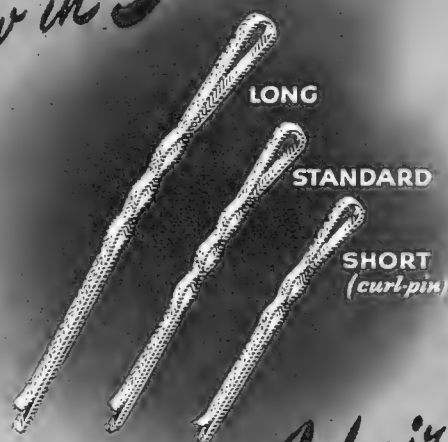
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(Continued from page 182)

Elizabeth Bowen's **BOOK REVIEWS**

ALL through the story, Mrs. Dorval appears to have two faces. Frankie's faith in her is destroyed—onward from exactly that point, I think, *Hetty Dorval*, as a novel, begins to shrink, lose some of its fascination, grow more conventional. It was an inspiration to present Mrs. Dorval not through a man's eyes (pre-eminently, she is "a man's woman") but through a little girl's. Inevitably, there cannot but be a likeness between this novel and Rosamond Lehmann's *The Ballad and the Source*; but Miss Wilson is guiltless of imitation: both her technique and her imagination are quite her own.

As in another Canadian novel reviewed here lately (*Who Has Seen the Wind*) the rendering of countryside, nature, weather and small-community life shows genius. In *Who Has Seen the Wind* one felt the prairie; Miss Wilson gives light-filled, tingling reality to the British Columbian scene. Lytton, with its merging rivers and sage-clad surrounding heights, becomes a place in which one seems to have lived oneself—perhaps in some other life? When the story moves to England, something feels astray.

CRIME-WAVE and underworld annals, fiction or otherwise, have been, lately, many: they could begin to pall. A. P. Herbert's *Mr. Gay's London* (Benn, 9s. 6d.) is, however, something quite new in being something older. Sir Alan, by means of this book, relays to us the results of his deeply rewarding study of a set of faded volumes, happened upon by chance—to wit, the "Proceedings of London Sessions from December, 1732, to October, 1733; bound up with the Accounts of the Ordinary of Newgate of the Behaviour, Confession, and Dying Words of the Malefactors who were executed at Tyburn" during that period.

Here is the racy, rogue-ridden, cut-throat London upon which Mr. Gay drew for his *Beggar's Opera*. Sir Alan Herbert's own wit has lost nothing of the flavour of the "Proceedings": he has been inspired in his choice of quotations, to which his comments add spice. One

is struck, he says, by the fullness, skill and vigour of the reporting—"Every kind of dialect and idiomatic slang is carefully reproduced; so that we get the full literary savour of an age when every man was an unconscious artist in his own speech."

PRISONERS and witnesses address us, as they addressed the Court, in their own words. The result is dialogue, not to speak of incidents, only paralleled in the better Marx Brother films, or *Itma*. For instance:

Prisoner: See here! I am Lame in my Hand! How can a Lame Man fire a pistol?

John Williams: The Prisoner said he was an innocent lame Man, and never did an ill Thing in his Life. We found loose Gun-powder in every Pocket, and in one there were 2 or 3 Cartridges, and some small pimple stones (*Pebbles*) which I suppose were to serve for Bullets. Next Day I went in the Coach with him to Newgate, and going along, he damn'd me for a Son of a Bitch, and swore if he had a Knife, he'd stick me in the Guts.

Prisoner: Where are those Pebble-stones?

John Williams, Chairman: Upon the crying stop Thief, the Prisoner came running down like mad, and crying Stop Thief as fast as any Body.

Prisoner: How could a Man that is lame in his Hands run and cry Stop Thief?

J.W.: Ha ha ha!

Prisoner: Can you swear that I took the Cloak o' your Back?

J.W.: My Back? That's another Question.

There is also the witness who states that, "looking through the Window I saw the Prisoner sitting on Horseback in the Kitchen. . . . Says I, *There's a Highwayman, by God*.—I beg your Lordship's Pardon. . . ." The Highwayman in question is, by the way, the most likely origin of Macheath. Peachum, Gay's informer, had a number of prototypes in real life—and nasty pieces of work they were: the "honour among thieves" idea would appear to be a fallacy. Penalties were, as we know, severe: two men went to the gallows for stealing groceries—as Sir Alan remarks: "To be hanged

RECORD OF THE WEEK

ANYONE who saw the delightful new Massine ballet *Clock Symphony* could not fail to be enchanted by the music of Haydn, and yet his work is too often missing from concert programmes and recordings.

Why this should be is a mystery unless it is because he spent his life quietly and avoided the limelight as much as possible. The works of Haydn are still not completely published, yet few composers are capable of such musical resource as he. That admirable orchestra the Liverpool Philharmonic, under the baton of Sir Malcolm Sargent, recently recorded Symphony No. 94 in G (The "Surprise"), and you have only to listen to the slow movement to appreciate what a craftsman Haydn was.

The balance and the recording are excellent, and it is pleasing to me to be able to recommend something as civilized as this set of three records at a time when so many people are behaving as though civilization were a back number. (Columbia D.X. 1490-92.)

Robert Tredinnick

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From the Newgate "Proceedings" into *Mr. Gay's London* has been transferred a riot of nomenclature. Invention pales, for instance, before such real-life cases as Barbara Dewfly, "Clarety-face Hannah," Jeremiah Scruby, Robert Bugbeard, Michael Roop, and Benedict Duddle, surgeon.

The Eagle Has Two Heads, Ronald Duncan's adaptation into English of the Jean Cocteau play, has been published, now, by the Vision Press, at 9s. 6d. On the stage, this was so breathtaking as sheer theatre that at least some of the subtleties of the language could not but be missed. As the reader reads, this poetic melodrama of love and death acts itself (or, if he has already seen it, re-enacts itself before his inward eye.

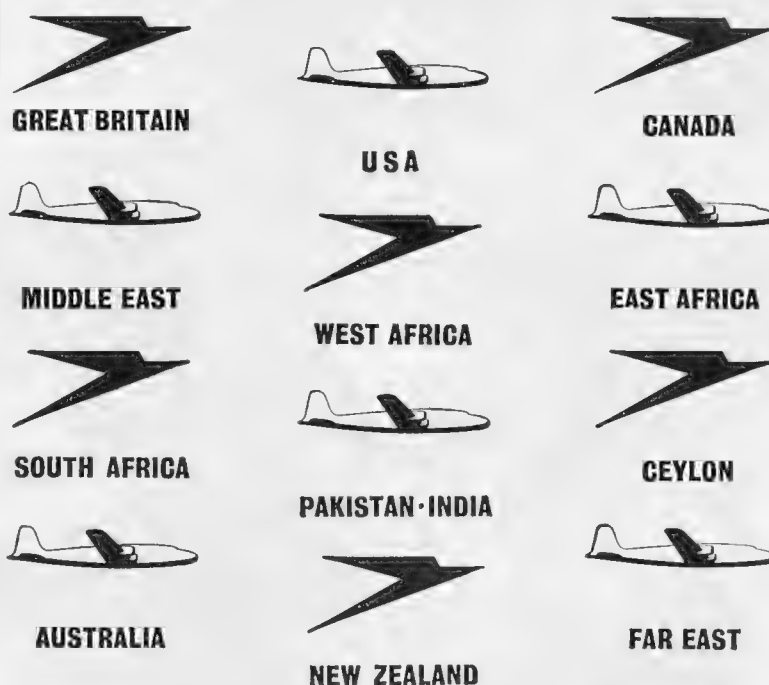
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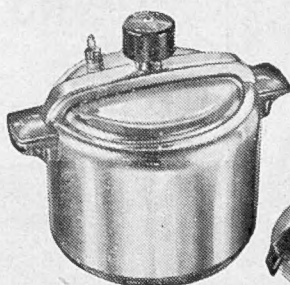
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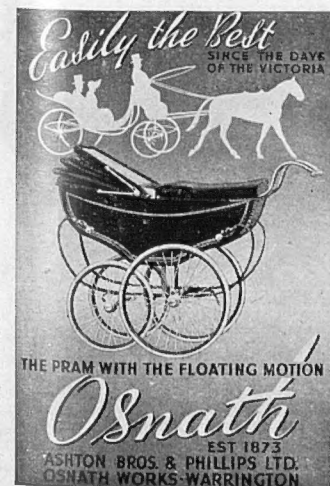
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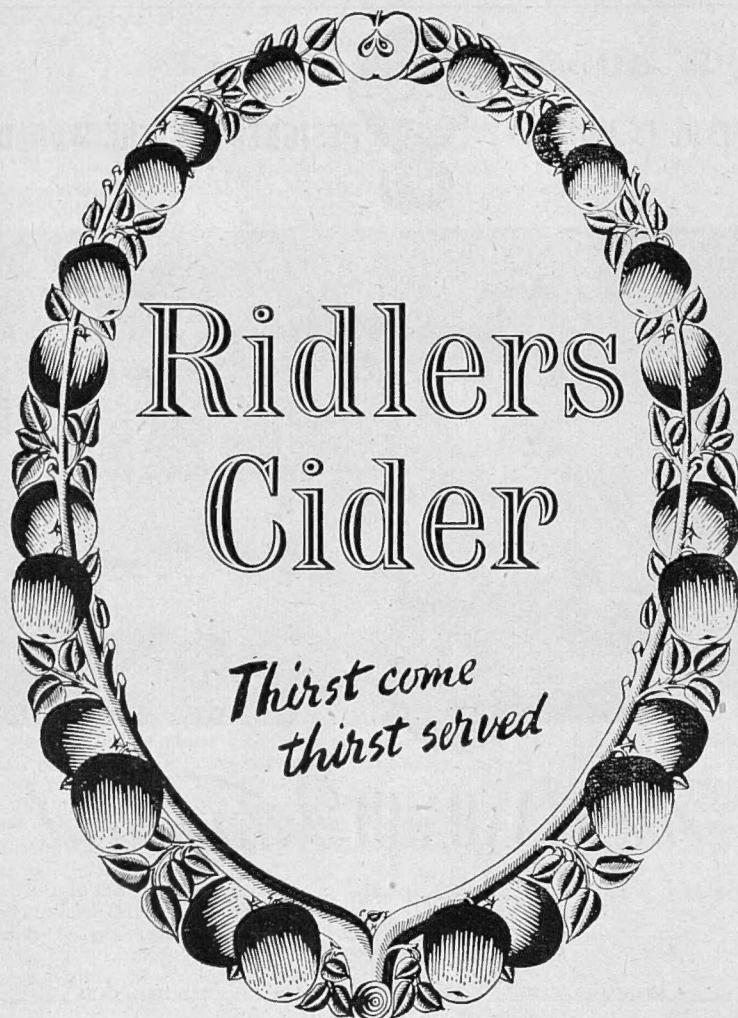
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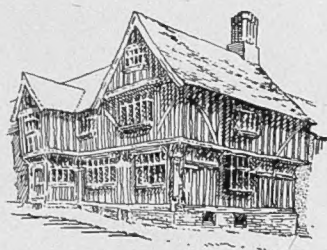
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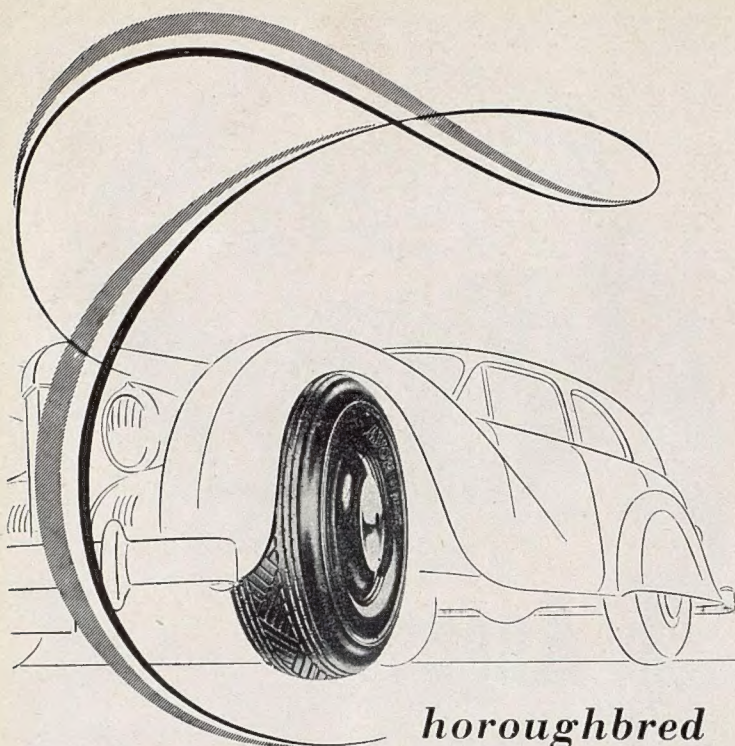
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